

ADVERTISER

SUSTAINING

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

LI'L ABNER #263

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(5:45-6:00 CST)

You RED (I'm just like Mrs. Yokl)

DECEMBER 5, 1940

THURSDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Uh-huh - yo' I ore do.

(FLARES) I'm tired o' h'arin' y' two sayin' I is like some female. I'm a roovin', tootin', shootin' fightin' round - (FADING) there's what I is, an' I'll bop th' one o' yo' which sez I is somebuddy name of Henry Yokel ag'in.

(OUT)

(FADING IN)

CAST:

Add his name wuz Willie the Weasel. (SIGH) Willie

LI'L ABNER

th' Weasel. If'n it wuzn't fo' him things mighta

MAMMY

turned out different than they did.

DAISY MAE

DELIGHTFUL

HUMPTY GORDON

Heh-heh-heh - what did this Willie th' Weasel fella do

SQUINT SCAROLI

FLOOZY: (DOUBLE) Li'l Abner.

CROUPIER: (SQUINT DOUBLE)

MAN: (SQUINT DOUBLE) There's what I'm fixin' to tell, Mammy. (SIGH - THEN

SOUND:

(WHISICALLY) Shore wish't yo' coulda met up wif him

LOUD MEASURED POUNDING ON DOOR enjoyed knowin' Willie th' Weasel.

DOOR SQUEEKS OPEN

WHOOSH - DOOR SLAMMED - FADE TO

TELEPHONE BUZZER - RECEIVER LIFTED - HUNG UP

DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED - two-hundred and sixty-three of LI'L ABNER will

NIGHT CLUB NOISES AND VOICES

ROULETTE WHEEL SPINNING you tomorrow evening at this time.

RAKING IN CHIPS

PISTOL SHOTS LI'L ABNER is presented from our Chicago studios -

MUSIC:

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

GALS SING WITH GUITAR: "RED RIVER VALLEY"

RCA - 2:15 PM

12-4-40

1. ANNOUNCER: The NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, giving sound to Al
 2. Capp's graphic comic strip, LI'L ABNER, presents chapter
 3. two-hundred and sixty-three - titled,
 4. (GAY AD LIB - HUMPTY, SCARLET, MAMMY, ABNER, DAISY MAE)
 5. BIZ: LOUD, MEASURED BLOWS ON DOOR
 6. (THE GATHERING IS SUDDENLY SILENTLY SERIOUS)
 7. DAISY: It - it's somebuddy at th' door.
 8. ABNER: (UNCOMFORTABLY) Yass - I do believe yo' is right. Thar
 9. is.
 10. MAMMY: Ummmmm - whoever 'tis, he's got a peekoolyar way of
 11. knockin'. (TRAILING OFF) I has a feelin' in mah bones
 12. that . . .
 13. DAISY: Thet whut, Mammy Yokum?
 14. MAMMY: I ain't sayin' right now. See who 'tis at th' door, son.
 15. ABNER: H-h-h? . . . Awri'. . . (GOING AWAY) I'll see who 'tis.
 16. HUMPTY: Why, may I ast youse, do I break out all over goose bumps
 17. on a occasion such as this?
 18. ABNER: (OFF) Wal -
 19. (PAUSE)
 20. BIZ: DOOR CREAKS OPEN - AWAY
 21. ABNER: (OFF) H-hydee, M-mister -
 22. DAISY: (TENSE WHISPER) A little man carryin' a black satchel.
 23. ABNER: Won't yo' come in? . . . Wal - won't yo' even say anythin'?
 24. HUMPTY: (SOFTLY) I have personally not seen such an individual
 25. as that except sitting on my shoulder the mornin' followin'
 26. very large evenin's. He's -

1. DAISY: He's whisperin' somethin' in Li'l Abner's ear.

2. BIZ: WHOOOOOOSH - DOOR SLAMMED

3. MAMMY: Wal, fry mah hide! Whar did th' little man wif th' black

4. satchel go?

5. ABNER: (OFF - TREMULOUSLY) H-he didn't say.

6. HUMPTY: Well, what DID he say, buoko?

7. ABNER: (WITH MOUNTING HYSTERIA) Them same words - them SAME

8. words - Friday th' thirteenth is yo' last day!

9. MUSIC: THEME - FADE AT CUE TO

10. ANNOUNCER: One by one, at twenty-four hour intervals, the days before

11. Li'l Abner's inauguration as governor of his state melt

12. away. Strange messages from some modern day soothsayer

13. laconically signifying that Friday the thirteenth will be

14. his QUOTE last day END QUOTE -- these messages have caused

15. an involuntary speeding up of the life story Li'l Abner

16. is telling to his biographer.

17. (SOMBER AD LIB)

18. Now, with a circle of friends settled comfortably around

19. the Yokum fireplace, Li'l Abner resumes the telling of his

20. experiences as District Attorney of Scorpion City . . .

21. SCARLET: Mr. Yokum - what was that you were going to say?

22. ABNER: Huh? . . . Oh - I fergot - I got to thinkin' 'bout that

23. m-m-message.

24. SCARLET: You started to say something about the Silver Blackjack

25. Night Club, I believe.

1. ABNER: Oh, yass - I recollect now. . . Wal - like I sed befo' -
2. I had Boss Slynke put in jail - and he wuz very mad - an'
3. everybuddy sed I better git all th' crinnils in jail befo'
4. Mike Slynke got out - on account if'n thar wuz crinnils
5. out of jail they'd be tryin' to kill me - on account of
6. them bein' friends wif Boss Slynke.

7. MAMMY: He wuz a polecat - thet Mike Slynke.

8. ABNER: Uh-huh - he shore wuz - he shore - (BREAK) How did yo'
9. know, Mammy . . . yo' wuzn't never in Scorpion City.

10. MAMMY: Heh-heh-heh - didn't yo' TELL me 'bout him son?

11. ABNER: Did I? . . . Wal, mebbly I did. But to continue: Folks
12. tole me - Rosita Renard mainly - thet th' Silver Blackjack
13. night club wuz a very dislegal place - so mah depooty,
14. Willie th' Weasel, him an' me went out together to close
15. th' Silver Blackjack up. Wal - when we got thar -

16. DAISY: Yo' is gettin' ahead of yo' story, Li'l Abner. First comes
17. th' part 'bout me an' Delightful.

18. ABNER: Oh, yass - thass right.

19. DAISY: Yo' sees, Miss O'Fever, Delightful an' me see'd thet
20. advertisement fo' two gals to sing an' her an' me come'd
21. to Scorpion City an' (FADE) went right to Silver Blackjack
22. whar th' advertisement sed to - an' when we got thar -
23. (OUT)
24. (FADING IN)

25. BIZ: TELEPHONE BUZZER - RECEIVER LIFTED

1. SCAR: Yeah?What do I care if two dames are here? There're
2. always dames he - (BREAK) Oh - singers, huh? - answerin'
3. th' ad in th' paper, huh? Well, tell 'em t' come around
4. tomorrow mornin' ...Yeah - tomorrow mornin'. I just got
5. word that th' new D.A. is going to pay us a visit tonight -
6. and I want to give them a WARM welcome....I don't care if
7. they are - (BREAK) What does (CLUCK-CLUCK) mean? oh -
8. lookers, huh?...That's different. Don't ever let it get
9. said Squint Scaroll don't have time for good lookin'
10. dames. Send 'em in.

11. BIZ: PHONE HUNG UP - PAUSE - KNOCK ON DOOR

12. Come in!

13. BIZ: DOOR OPENED

14. (PAUSE)

15. SCAR: (A LONG, LOW, ENTHUSIASTIC WHISTLE)

16. DAISY: Hydee - are yo' th' gennulman which sed in th' paper
17. that he wants two gals t' sing?

18. SCAR: (ANOTHER WHISTLE - BREAKS OFF) Huh? Gals? Sing?

19. DEL: We read it in th' newspaper - an' this hyars th' place it
20. sed.

21. SCAR: Come right in - come right in. (ZEST) And you say y'
22. can sing, too?

23. DAISY: Yassir. Delightful an' me has been practisin' singin'
24. together ever since we read about yo' wantin' two gals.

25. SCAR: Delightful! De-lightful.

1. DEL: Thass me.

2. DAISY: Yassir - she's Delightful.

3. SCAR: I ain't arguin' about that - but let's talk about you,

4. baby.

5. DAISY: Oh - I'm Daisy Mae Scraggs - an' she's mah cousin Delightful.

6. DEL: Wanna h'yar us sing?

7. SCAR: That ain't necessary. You're hired.

8. DAISY: But yo' ain't h'yar'd us sing yit!

9. DEL: See - I has th' guitar all ready. Jest name yo'

10. fav'rite piece.

11. SCAR: Look, gals, I've got t' go out to attend to a little

12. business. Tell Humpty Gordon to put you on the payroll

13. for fifty fish a week, apiece.

14. DAISY: Fish? Yo' means we gets paid in fish?

15. SCAR: Fish means dollars.

16. DAISY: Oh.

17. DEL: Yo' hasn't named whut yo' wants us t' sing, Mister.

18. SCAR: I said that wit all th' pul-ker-tude you got I don't

19. care if you can't chirp a note.

20. DAISY: We're already t' sing...

21. SCAR: Okay - o-kay - sing then - but make it snappy.

22. DAISY: Whut tune is yo' 'specially fond of?

23. SCAR: (IMPATIENTLY) I don't care- anything - TH' JIM-JAM

24. JUMPIN' JIVE - Anything.

25. (PAUSE)

1. DEL: I don't think we knows that - they whut yo' sed.

2. SCAR: Sing anything - anything - only make it quick. I gotta

3. see a man about a double-cross.

4. DAISY: Then we'll render "The Red River Valley."

5. SCAR: (GRINS) Okay, gals - swing out.

6. GALS: RED RIVER VALLEY

7. SCAR: (INTERRUPTING JUST AS THEY THREATEN TO TAKE ANOTHER

8. CHORUS) It still goes. You're still hired. You don't

9. have t' sing where anybody can hear you.

10. DEL: Then we has th' job?

11. SCAR: Yeah. Tell Humpty to get bathin' suits for you to sing

12. in.

13. DAISY: Does we start t'night?

14. SCAR: Look - I got an deal to put over with a - (BREAK)

15. Hey - I got an idea, -- You ... Blondy --

16. DAISY: If'n yo' means me, mah name is Daisy Mae.

17. SCAR: Yeah - sure - Daisy Mae. I'm goin' t' give you a break.

18. DAISY: I don't like how thet sounds - but I'm listenin'.

19. SCAR: How would you like to be my mol? (LAUGHS) Natcherly

20. you would - but I'm askin' just to be polite. I'm a

21. gent.

22. DAISY: I ain't sayin' yes and I ain't sayin' no. Whut's a mol?

23. SCAR: (INSINUATING) You know - you and me - oh, you know.

24. DAISY: Oh - shore - I know. (SHE DOESN'T)

25.

1. SCAR: You can't make a mistake with an answer like that, baby.
 2. Squinty Scaroli treats his dames right.
 3. DAISY: (DAWN) Oh - yo' means yo' wishes to court wif me!
 4. SCAR: Court. (LAUGHS) That's funny - me - courtin'.
 5. Sure, baby - that's about it.
 6. DAISY: Then I has t' refuse - on account I has a gennulman
 7. which I's turrible much in love of.
 8. SCAR: (NASTILY) Hey - I don't like people to say no to me.
 9. Who is th' guy? I'll pour so much lead int' him you'll
 10. be able to use him for a pile-driver. Huh - what's
 11. his name?
 12. DAISY: (COYLY) Oh - a certain person.
 13. SCAR: Anybody I know?
 14. DAISY: Reckon yo' knows him.
 15. DEL: Uh-huh - on account he's turrible famous.
 16. SCAR: (SNARLING) Is 'zat so? Well, you're my dame, see?
 17. And if he's so big just tell him to come around to Squint
 18. Scaroli and try to take you away from me. See?
 19. DAISY: Uh-huh - but he's terrible big ... but I'll let yo'
 20. court wif me until he comes along an' bops yo'.
 21. SCAR: (LAUGHS DERISIVELY) Now, ain't that gonna be a day.
 22. DEL: Uh-huh - it shore is, on account he bops awful hard.
 23. SCAR: I can't hardly wait.
 24. DAISY: Well - if'n yo' ain't gonna want me t' court wif t'night
 25. Delightful an' me'll be -

1. SCARL: Wait a minute! - I got a idea ! Go out and tell Humpty
 2. Gordon to dig you up an evenin' dress to wear. You're
 3. goin' to help me out tonight, baby.

4. DAISY: Help yo'?

5. SCARL: Uh-huh - (FADING) District Attorney Abner Yokum is comin'
 6. here tonight - and you're going to give him the old glad
 7. eye - and when he's softened up I'm going to see how many
 8. slugs I can plant in him.

9. (OUT)

10. (FADING IN)

11. DAISY: - but nacherly I didn't know whut he wuz talkin' 'bout.
 12. I thought he wuz aimin' on entertainin' Li'l Abner.

13. HUMPTY: Heh-heh - a very draestic misjedgeement.

14. DAISY: Uh-huh - it shore wuz. . . Wal, Li'l Abner - thass whar
 15. yo' goes on f'um.

16. ABNER: Oh, yass. . . Wal - 'bout th' time Daisy Mae an'
 17. Delightful were talkin' wif Mister Scaroli Willie th'
 18. Weasel an' me wuz jest comin' in th' door of th' Silver
 19. Blackjack. (FADING) An' it wuz yo', Mister Humpty - yo'
 20. wuz th' one which wuz thar to meet us. Recollect?

21. HUMPTY: (ON FADE) Uh-huh - and I blush to recall me part in th'
 22. affair.

23. (OUT)

24. (FADING IN)

25. BIZ: DOOR OPENED - NIGHT CLUB NOISES, VOICES - BACKGROUND TO

1. HUMPTY: (COMING IN) Well, well, well, well - now ain't dis a'
2. honor - havin' th' D.A. drop in t' give d' double-o t'
3. our little jernt. I am just out of jail in time to give
4. you welcome.

5. ABNER: Wal, Mr. Gordon - we meets agin!

6. HUMPTY: Yeah, and seein' youse here at d' Silver Blackjack ain't
7. only a pleasure, also it's a galaxy o' joy. Let me take
8. yer bennies.

9. MAMMY: Git yo' hand off'n mah bonnet yo' skonk!

10. HUMPTY: All right, awright - don't nneed t' git tough about it.
11. However, dis bein' a classy jernt I t'ought youse'd be
12. wantin' to git a load off yer ears.

13. MAMMY: Mah hat stays right whar it is.

14. HUMPTY: Jest as youse please - we want youse t' have a delightful
15. time, seein' yer wit' d' D.A.

16. ABNER: This h'yars mah depooty - name of Hannibal Gooch. An'
17. befo' yo' gits too nice t' us I wants t' tell yo' that
18. we is h'yar t' stop folks f'um gamblin'.

19. HUMPTY: Well, dat's jest fine. In faack, d' boss of this jernt,
20. Squint Scaroli by name, wuz jest sayin' t' me d' other
21. day "Humpty," he sez, "Humpty," "dey tole me at Sunday
22. School t'day dat gamblin' is not only sinful but it is
23. also ag inst d' Law. Let's stop it."

24. ABNER: He did?

1. HUMPTY: Uh-huh - an' den it slipped his mind. Squint allus puts
 2. lotsa erl on his hair an' things is allus slippin' his
 3. mind. (LAUGHS VIOLENTLY) Youse kin see by me happy
 4. disposition dat I'm not d' criminal tyne.

5. ABNER: (LAUGHS) Thass nice - on account i means we ain't gonna
 6. have no trouble.

7. HUMPTY: Ain't dat d' truth.

8. MAMMY: If'n yo's sech a law-'bidin' gennulman why them two
 9. hoss pistols in yo' coat.

10. HUMPTY: (LAUGHS) Dem - oh, dem - den's me water pistols - which
 11. I use t' put out fires.

12. ABNER: Oh - thass diff runt.

13. HUMPTY: Well, now ain't I d' polfect host - lettin' youse stand
 14. up. Come right over here -

15. ABNER: Wait a minute, Mister Humpty -

16. HUMPTY: (COMING IN) Yeah -?

17. ABNER: Since't yo' sed that yo' Boss is intendin' t' stop th'
 18. gamblin' h'yar an' it has jest slipped his mind I'll
 19. write him a li'l note tellin' him thet gamblin' is
 20. dislegal an' then me an' Mister Wea - Mister Hannibal
 21. Gooch kin go home t' bed.

22. HUMPTY: I wouldn't t'ink of lettin' youse go off now. Whut kind
 23. of a polfect host would I be if I let yo' do that. Yer
 24. staying here an' speakin' t' d' boss in poisson.

25. MAMMY: Mebby we'd better, Mr. Yokum - him bean' so fergitful.

1. HUMPTY: I tell youse whut - youse kin go over an' tell them people
2. at d' roulette table how sinful gamblin' is. Otherwise,
3. maybe dey'd jest go off someplace else an' gamble after
4. we quit.

5. MAMMY: Thass a good idea, Mister Yokum.

6. ABNER: Uh-huh - it shore is.

7. HUMPTY: Foller me, Mister D.A. - (GOING AWAY) - it's right over
8. here.

9. ABNER: (WHISPER) I interduced yo' as Hannibal Gooch on account
10. I don't want them t' know yo' is th' famous detective,
11. Mr. Weasel.

12. MAMMY: Heh-heh-heh - I wuz a-noticin' how intellyguntly yo'
13. did thet.

14. ABNER: Uh-huh -

15. BIZ: ROULETTE WHEEL SPINNING - COMING IN - VOICES CLOSE IN

16. GROUP: (COMING IN) All bets down, folks. Round an' round th'
17. little ball goes an' where it stops nobody know, good
18. evening friends.
19. (A GIGGLE OR TWO)

20. BIZ: WHEEL COMES TO A STOP

21. (HUSH)

22. GROUP: Number sixteen on the red. Too bad, folks.

23. BIZ: RAKING IN CHIPS

24. FLOOZY: (SLIGHTLY AWAY) You mean that's all th' dough you have?
25. MAN: (ALSO AWAY) Every bit. All I have left is my health and
you darling.

1. FLOOZY: Then all you have left is your health. Is that plain
2. enough - or do I have to draw you a diaphragm.
3. MAN: You mean - you mean ...?
4. FLOOZY: I mean we're thru.
5. MAN: This is the end. . .
6. ABNER: (WHISPERING) That gennulman shore looks awnnhappy.
7. MAMMY: Thar's th' evils o' gamblin'.
8. HUMPTY: Don't youse boys let dat depress youse. D' guy jest
9. had a run of bad luck.
10. MAN: (COMING IN) I say, Humpty old pal, could you -
11. HUMPTY: (ABRUPTLY) We don't pay off d' police wit' IOUs. Sorry.
12. MAN: Then - then can I borrow your revolver?
13. HUMPTY: Huh? Oh - oh, soitenly - glad t' oblige. Only youse'll
14. haf t' use it right here.
15. MAN: It will only take a second.
16. ABNER: (LAUGHS) Lookit - th' gennulman has had sech bad luck
17. gamblin' thet he wants t' cool off his haid wif one of
18. Mister Humpty's water pistols.
19. MAMMY: Uh-huh.
20. MAN: Good-bye, cruel world.
21. BIZ: A SINGLE SHOT - CROWD SILENCES FOR A SECOND THEN CONTINU
22. ABNER: (ACHAST) Mister Weasel! Mister Weasel - thar's a hole in
23. th' gennulman's haid.
24.
25.

1. HUMPTY: (COMING IN) Sorry about dis, folks - I made a terrible
2. mistake. Somebuddy filled me wa:er pistol wit' slugs.
3. (CALLING) Hey, Anglewoim, drag dis dead pigeon out.
4. He's clutterin' up d' jernt.
5. FLOOZY: (COMING IN) Wait a sec, Humpty - wait'll I go thru his
6. pockets.
7. HUMPTY: Oaky - but leave d' fillin's in his teeth. (TO ABNER)
8. Now, Mister D.A., youse kin start convertin' dese
9. crim'nils. (YELLING) Lissen, folks, we has wit' us
10. t'night d' District Attoiney - and he desires t' have
11. a few woids wit' youse . . . I give youse d' D.A.
12. (SCATTERED APPLAUSE)
13. ABNER: Thank yo' - thank yo'. I don't intent t'make a speech.
14. DRUNK: Bully ferrr th' dissert Atterney!
15. (SCATTERED LAUGHS)
16. ABNER: Thank yo' ag'in. All I wishes t' say thet gamblin'
17. happens t' be sinful, dislegal -
18. GROUP: (SLIGHTLY AWAY) All right, folks - get your bets down.
19. ABNER: (CONTINUES) Unhonest an' ag'in th' law. Also it causes
20. folks t' git awnhappy like thet gennulman which
21. accidentally shot hissself wuz -
22. BIZ: ROULETTE WHEEL SPINNING.
23. HUMPTY: Keep on goin', D.A. yer doin' noble woik.
24. ABNER: Uh-huh but they ain't listen' t' me. Reckon I oughta
25. go home now - on accoun the gamblin' won't go on after
yo' reminds yo' boss about it bein' dislegal.

1. HUMPTY: Oh - I wouldn't t'ink of lettin' youse go off wit' out
2. seein' Squint. He'd be awful put out if he t'ought he
3. missed youse.
4. ABNER: Thass awful nice but I thinks we -
5. HUMPTY: Now-now - why don't youse jest git in th' game wit' d'
6. folks.
7. MAMMY: No! Th' District Attorney don't gamble.
8. HUMPTY: Oh, don't git me wrong. I don't mean for money! All
9. youse'll be playin' fer is jest little chips like dis.
10. Outta d' way, you - th' D.A. is gettin' in th' game.
11. Look, D.A., I'm stakin' youse t' this stack of chips;
12. Have a good time.
13. ABNER: (GOING AWAY) Whut does I do wif these h'yar things?
14. HUMPTY: Youse'll see.
15. CROUP: Is that jerk really th' D.A., Humpty.
16. HUMPTY: Nobuddy else. Look, Joe, Squint is out right now lookin'
17. for this big stupe - so keep him interested until Squint
18. gets back.
19. CROUP: Y' mean, keep him winin'?
20. HUMPTY: That's d' idea. Keep him winning. Then when youse see me
21. give you dis - then drop him.
22. CROUP: I get y'. All right, folks - all bets down.
23. ABNER: (COMING IN) This h'yar shore looks fun - an' it ain't
24. gamblin' - on account I is jest playin' fo' chips.
25. MAMMY: Uh-huh - an' it looks like a nice game wifout th' gamblin'!

1. FLOOZY: (COMING IN) Hello, high wide and handsome. Where've I
2. been all your life.
3. ABNER: Huh - is yo' speakin' t' me?
4. FLOOZY: I'm not talkin' t' your mother.
5. ABNER: Oh, this h'yar ain't mah Mammy - in fact he ain't even
6. related. He's Mister Hannibal Goo -
7. FLOOZY: (INTERRUPTING) My, what a beautiful stack of chips you
8. have.
9. ABNER: Uh-huh. I'm playin' a game wif 'em.
10. GROUP: (AWAY) Hey, D.A., don't you want to get in on this spin?
11. ABNER: Oh, yassir.
12. FLOOZY: (CALLING) Sure he does. Shall we shoot the works, big
13. boys.
14. ABNER: (GRINNING) Yo' mean put all th' little round things out
15. thar.
16. FLOOZY: Let me pick th' number for you. I'm Lady Luck in
17. person. (CALLING) Okay - spin it.
18. BIZ: ROULETTE WHEEL - PILL HIPPIITY-HOPPING
19. FLOOZY: Come on sixteen on the black!
20. (WHEEL STOPS)
21. GROUP: Sixteen on the black!
22. (MURMUR OF THE CROWD)
23. FLOOZY: Yipee! What did I tell you, Maiden's prayer - I'm th'
24. seventh daughter of a seventh daughter.
25. MAMMY: Wal, fry mah hide - lookit, Mister Yokum, lookit at all
th' chips things they has gived yo'.

1. ABNER: Uh-huh. I has won'd.

2. FLOOZY: (CALLING) Spinner again. We're lettin' it ride, my

3. friend an' me.

4. CROUP: (AWAY) All bets down.

5. BIZ: WHEEL SPINNING - VOICES INDICATE PREOCCUPATION

6. (WHEEL STOPS . . . CROWD BUZZES)

7. CROUP: Sixteen on the black again.

8. FLOOZY: Man oh! man! look at those chips! What'd I tell you,

9. handsome - I have a horseshoe in each - eye. (CALLING)

10. Let 'er ride again.

11. ABNER: I has won'd again, Mister Weasel. Ain't I lucky?

12. MAMMY: Heh-heh-heh - yo' is. Also intellygant.

13. CROUP: All bets down.

14. BIZ: SPINNING WHEEL

15. CROUP: (WHISPER) I can't keep th s up, Humpty. What if he wanted

16. to cash in now. It'd take all the money in the joint t'

17. pay him off.

18. HUMPTY: Keep him playin'. Squint oughta be back any time now.

19. (WHEEL STOPS)

20. CROUP: Sixteen on the black again. Boy, are you lucky, D.A.!

21. ABNER: (AWAY) Yassir - reckon I is. But I gonna quit now -

22. on account it's way past mah bed time. All yo' folks

23. oughta go home t' bed, too - it bein' most ten o'clock.

24. Late hours is turrible bad fo' yo' health. G'night.

25. (SNORTS AND TITTERS)